

Sonnet.

TO E. W.

Historic lights athwart thy brow are cast ;
And while I think of thee, from night's profound
Bright forms, starry crown'd, come crowding
round,
Their lucid outlines gleaming thro' the past.
'Twas with such eyes the sorceress of Nile,
Ambition charmed to rest in Caesar's heart,
And if Scotch Mary, playing foulest part,
Subdued men's reason, 'twas with such a smile.
See that thy beauty be no fatal dower,
Nor dull the heart, nor deaden the swift
mind—
Beauty,—not certain for a single hour,—
The dazziing bird of youth no cord can bind:
To-day his luring lithe enchantments shower
Divinity ; to-morrow he's far down the mocking
wind.

N. F. DAVIN.

Ottawa, March 1831.